

# THE HEROIC LIFE OF CAPTAIN PAUL JONES













PAUL JONES AT THE FRENCH COURT.



THE HEROIC LIFE  
OF  
JOHN PAUL JONES

The First Captain of the United States Navy

By  
ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED

In Black and White and with Colored Plates

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PAUL JONES.

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MANY years ago there lived in Scotland a poor gardener, who with his wife and family lived in a whitewashed stone cottage near the Solway in full view of the firth and the ships as they entered the harbor.

This section of Bonnie Scotland is broken and rugged; huge craggy mountains shut in a thickly wooded plateau, diversified by clear, rapid streams abounding in fish. The fastnesses in the hills were covered with ruins of



strongholds of feudal times of the days of the Black Douglasses. The coast line, stern and bold, is broken by precipitous inlets, deep and narrow. At the foot of the cliffs at low tide broad stretches of sand are exposed to view, and the rapid rise of the tide makes these shelving beaches dangerous places on which to loiter. The water deepens abruptly beyond the beaches, and only under favorable circumstances were vessels enabled to approach near the shore. Here John Paul was born on the 6th of July, 1747, the last of a family of five. He was named after his father. He had the usual hard life and hard fare of a Scots peasant lad—unceasing toil, his recreations few, his food meagre, his opportunities limited, and luxuries there were none. Young John Paul ate his porridge and did his work like the rest. It was a sad and narrow life, which the stern and rigid austerity of Calvinism did nothing to lighten. That gloomy religion, however, did produce men.

Then, as now, Scotland was famed for her standard of education, and John was regularly sent during the short school season to the parish school, where he learned the rudiments of a common-school education with the thoroughness which marks the Scottish character. No demands of labor interfered with the higher claims of education.

John's only diversion was the sight of the great sea, with the great ships with their white sails; his thoughts, his plays, were ships and sailors, and when he went to work in a store at Whitehaven, the other side of the Solway, his leisure moments were spent with the ships' carpenters and the sailors in the docks, and he heard all about the wondrous adventures in foreign parts, and all the wonderful places they had seen; and young Paul longed to be a sailor, and to see all these things.

Nothing would do but that he would go to sea; and this was not the boyish roving fancy which many boys have, but a real love of the sea—caused no doubt by his surroundings and companions. At last the opportunity came; he was apprenticed to a Mr. Younger, a merchant engaged in the American trade, and was shipped as a sailor boy on the "Friendship," Captain Benson. At the early age of twelve years he made his first voyage to America, to whose freedom and independence he contributed so much. The destination of the ship was the Rappahannock River, by the side of which George Washington

lived when a boy. His elder brother, William, some years before had migrated to Virginia. He had married and settled at Fredericksburg, and by his industry and thrift had amassed a modest fortune. Young Paul at once conceived a great liking for America which never faltered; long afterward he stated that he had been devoted to it from his youth.

During his vessel's stay in port he spent his spare time under his brother's roof, where he took up, with all the ardor of his nature, the study of navigation;



JOHN PAUL ON THE DOCKS

and fortunately he did so, for his master, Mr. Younger, failed and gave him up his indentures, and he passed his examination, and received his appointment as third mate on the slaver "King George," of Whitehaven, and afterwards was appointed chief mate of the slaver "The Two Friends." But young Paul became dissatisfied with the slave trade, with its cruelties and iniquities, and he finally withdrew from it.

In 1768, after resigning as chief mate of "The Two Friends" he sailed in the brigantine "John," bound for Scotland. It happened that the captain and mate of the vessel both died of fever during the voyage, and at the request of



the crew Paul assumed command and brought the vessel safely to her port. Currie, Beck & Co., the owners of the "John," were so pleased with this exploit that they appointed young Paul master and supercargo of the vessel, in which he made two voyages to the West Indies. He was a captain, therefore, and a merchant at the age of twenty-one.

The owners of the "John" dissolved partnership, and John Paul had a certificate of honorable discharge. Soon after this he commanded a ship, the "Betsy," of London, in the West India trade, in which he engaged in mercantile speculations on his own account at Tobago and Grenada, until the year 1773, when he went to Virginia again to take charge of the estate of his brother William, who had died without leaving a will, and he had neither wife nor children.

At this time he assumed the name of Jones, from his friendship with two brothers named Wylie and Allen Jones, people of great prominence in North Carolina. The great kindness and the refined social atmosphere of this family made a deep impression on his mind and he gave a warm-hearted devotion to them and to Mrs. Jones especially, and called himself her son.

It was through the influence of Honorable Wylie Jones (member of Congress) that John Paul obtained his commission in the navy of the young Republic, through his introduction to Joseph Hewes, of Edenton, one of the delegates from North Carolina, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and a prominent member of the committee which had the charge of beginning and carrying on the War of the Revolution. When the war broke out Paul Jones was still farming his brother's land; he had forsaken the sea as he thought for good, but when steps were taken to reorganize the navy he eagerly offered his services to his adopted country, and through Wylie Jones and Hewes on the 7th of December, 1775, Paul Jones was appointed lieutenant in the new formed Continental Navy.

Paul Jones's first ship was the "Black Prince," purchased by Congress and renamed the "Alfred," after Alfred the Great, popularly supposed to be the founder of the British Navy. She was armed with twenty nine-pounders, and four smaller guns, four or six pounders. Under the command of Captain Dudley Saltonstal, Paul Jones was put on the list of first lieutenant and appointed

executive officer. The commander of the navy, Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, selected the "Alfred" as his flagship.

It was a clear, cold winter morning when at a word from Captain Dudley Saltonstal, Jones hauled up the first flag which ever flew from a regularly commissioned warship of the United States. The design was significant; it was the figure of a rattlesnake with the legend, "Don't tread on me."

The grand union flag, a red and white striped ensign with the English cross in the canton, was also hoisted. The flags were saluted by the booming of cannon from the batteries of the ships, and with cheers from the officers and men of the squadron and the people on the shore, and thus the transaction was completed and the navy of the United States began to be.

Paul Jones figured in the first expedition, having at the peril of his commission offered, in conjunction with the pilots who had been taken off some coasting vessels and who were distrusted by Commodore Hopkins, to bring up the ships himself to the Bahamas. The expedition was greatly successful, though by neglecting a suggestion made by Paul Jones to guard the western exit from the harbor, Governor Brown got away in the night with one hundred and fifty barrels of gunpowder of which the American Navy was sadly in need.

Paul Jones's conduct was so satisfactory that on the 10th of May Commodore Hopkins appointed him to the command of the "Providence," he alone being chosen out of all the officers for this important service.

Having no blank commissions by him, Commodore Hopkins made out the new commission on the back of Paul Jones's original commission as first lieutenant. Thus he was the first officer appointed to command rank from a lieutenancy in the American Navy.

After having taken Washington's men to New York he presently enlisted a crew and having overhauled his ship and exercised his men in the use of small arms and great guns, she was a model little warship. She safely convoyed a number of merchant vessels loaded with coal to Philadelphia and convoyed other merchant vessels to Newport, a work of considerable risk and danger from the number of the enemy's war-vessels in these frequented waters.

Up to this time Paul Jones, as the others engaged in the war, had been a subject of Great Britain, and, therefore, in rebellion against the Crown; but by



the Declaration of Independence he became a citizen of the United States; it added dignity and value to his commission.

With practically only orders to cruise at pleasure and destroy the enemy's commerce, the "Providence" left the Delaware on the 21st of August and in the first two weeks captured the brigs "Sea Nymph" and "Favorite," laden with rum, and the "Britannia," a whaler.

On the 1st of September in the Bermudas she sighted five ships to leeward, the largest an East Indiaman, a frigate of twenty-eight guns, the "Solebay." The frigate had concealed her force to entice the "Providence" under her guns, and at once made sail in pursuit. She had the heels of the brig, and Paul Jones saw her gradually closing with them, firing her bow-chasers as she came within range of the little American ship, who now hoisted her colors and returned the fire. Though now there appeared no chance of escape Jones held grimly on.

At this time Paul Jones's skill and pluck served him. The "Solebay" had got up within one hundred yards of the lee quarter of the brig. If the frigate yawed and delivered a broadside the brig would be captured or sunk. Now came the hazard of the die. Jones had previously told his plans to his officers. The brig had fallen off to leeward. The "Solebay" was almost dead astern. In anticipation of close action the English captain had loaded with grape-shot. Jones felt sure that the "Providence," going free with the wind aft, could run away from the frigate. The six four-pounders, double-shotted with grape and solid shot, were quietly manned; light sails which would give great increase to the speed of the ship in a light breeze were ready for immediate use. Jones suddenly put his helm hard up.

The handy "Providence" spun round and in a trice stood boldly across the forefoot of the frigate. As she lay squarely athwart the bows of the frigate the little battery of the four-pounders poured solid shot and shell into the eyes of the frigate. Before he could recover from the confusion this manœuvre had thrown the English captain into, the "Providence" had drawn past him and, covered with a cloud of light canvas, was ripping through the water at a right angle to her former direction at a great rate. The "Solebay" rapidly forged ahead and delivered a broadside across the stem of the saucy "Providence," but at that range harmed no one, and soon the "Solebay" gave up the pursuit.



PAUL JONES'S MEN AT SEA

This has ever been considered a most subtle and daring feat of seamanship and skill in the records of the American Navy.



Paul Jones now determined to break up the fishing industry on the Banks of Newfoundland, and to beat the British at their own game of ravishing the coast. He ran into a heavy gale on the 16th and 17th of September, which abated on the 19th, and on the 20th they were enjoying a rest and amusement fishing for cod when two sails appeared to windward, which proved to be a merchant ship and a British frigate, the "Milford," thirty-two.

Paul Jones finding he was much faster than his pursuer kept on a whole day, now forging ahead, then, checking his speed, letting the frigate get almost within range and then running off again. After causing the enemy to expend his powder and shot in futile broadsides Jones fired a musket at them in derision and sailed away.

The next day Paul Jones, off the Canzo, on the Grand Banks, captured three fishing boats; he scuttled one, burned a second, and the third, the "Ebenezer," he loaded with the fish he had taken from the other two. After repeated successes the little squadron resumed its course and arrived safely at Rhode Island on the 7th of October.

On this remarkable cruise Paul Jones had captured sixteen ships. Eight he manned and sent as prizes, and destroyed five, leaving three for the unfortunate fishermen to return home in. He had carried out his orders with thoroughness but without needless cruelty — a million dollars in value of property destroyed, not to say anything of the crushing effect on the pride of the Britishers by the bold cruise of the little brig with but twelve four-pounders and her seventy men.

The success of this cruise gave him a great reputation for his daring and skill. He conceived the bold idea of freeing from the coal mines in Cape Breton Island a number of American prisoners. Commodore Hopkins approved the scheme and forthwith gave Jones the command of a squadron, comprising the "Alfred," the "Providence" and the brigantine "Hampden." The "Hampden" however ran on a ledge of rock and was rendered unseaworthy. Jones put back to his anchorage and transferred the "Hampden's" crew to the "Providence" and again set sail on November 2d.

Both vessels were short-handed, underprovisioned and short of powder and shot, and Paul Jones had to make up for this deficiency by his own personality.

On the 13th the "Alfred" ran across the British armed transport "Mellish" of ten guns and with one hundred and fifty soldiers on board. After some resistance she was captured and proved a big prize, as she was loaded with military supplies, arms and ammunition and ten thousand suits of winter clothing for the British Army in Canada. Paul Jones convoyed her into the harbor himself. The warm clothing was a godsend to Washington's ragged army—especially since it came at the right moment just before the Battle of Trenton.

His next exploit was the capture of two vessels, one of which, a large fishing ship, replenished his scanty store of provisions. The weather continued execrable. Blinding snowstorms followed in the track of the "Alfred" and her prizes. Paul Jones again entered the harbor of Canzo, on the Grand Banks, and got a large English transport laden with provisions. His boats made a dash for the shore and destroyed by fire an immense warehouse filled with oil and whale and cod fisheries' supplies.

All this time Paul Jones had been looking out for a squadron of vessels filled with coal for the British Army in New York. It was his good fortune to run across it in a dense fog; it was convoyed by the "Flora," which would have made short work of him but for the fog, but Jones captured three of the convoy and escaped unnoticed.

He now attempted to make Louisburg, but the harbor was closed by the ice. His vessels were in a perilous condition. He had manned six prizes, some of great value, had over one hundred and fifty prisoners, greatly outnumbering his own men, his supplies were almost exhausted, and so there was nothing for it but to return.

The little squadron, convoyed by the "Alfred" and the "Privateer," under the command of Lieutenant Saunders, made its way toward home. Off St. George's Bank they again came across Jones's old friend the "Milford." Finding that she could not close with his ships before nightfall, he signalled the prizes that they were to take no notice of any signals which he might give in the night, but to hold on their course.

The prizes were slow sailers and were easily overhauled. At the close of the short wintry day, Paul Jones showed a set of lantern signals, hung a top



light on the "Alfred," and then changed his course directly away from the prizes. At daybreak the prizes were nowhere to be seen and the "Milford" was booming along after the "Alfred" and the "Privateer."

Jones decided they were not strong enough to engage the enemy with the "Alfred" and the "Privateer" in the condition they were in, but Lieutenant Saunders signalled to Paul Jones that the "Milford" was of inferior force, and, disregarding orders, foolishly ran down under her lee and was easily taken.

The prizes all arrived safely, and the "Alfred" anchored at Boston December 15, 1776. On arriving at Philadelphia Paul Jones found that, by an Act of Congress, he had been created captain.

After a brief period of shore life importuning for active employment, the Congress, on June 14th, appointed Paul Jones to the war-sloop the "Ranger," then nearing completion at Portsmouth, N. H. At the same time, too, Congress resolved that the flag of the United States should be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation, so Paul Jones hoisted the new flag of the young Republic with his own hand on the "Ranger."

With all the industry of Paul Jones it was not till the end of October that he could get ready for sea, and on November 1st the "Ranger" sailed from Portsmouth for Europe. On the way over he captured two brigantines laden with fruit and wine. He encountered ten sail of merchantmen, under the convoy of the "Invincible," seventy-four, but had no opportunity of doing anything against the convoy despite his strenuous efforts.

On his arrival in France he had a talk with Benjamin Franklin, and after he had refitted the "Ranger" and greatly increased her speed, he sailed through the whole French fleet and insisted on forcing a salute to the American flag—the *first* ever given to it by a foreign nation.

After this he sailed for the shores of England. The first few days saw no results. One vessel captured, being of little value, was burned at sea on the 17th of April. A large ship, the "Lord Chatham," of great value, was manned and sent to Brest as a prize. Paul Jones then proceeded up the Irish Channel. He attempted to destroy the shipping in the port of Whitehaven; boats were

manned, but the wind suddenly shifted and the "Ranger" was forced out to sea and the attempt had to be abandoned.

The next morning he captured a schooner laden with barley and sunk her. On the 20th he captured a sloop laden with grain. After a few unimportant captures, and a splendid attempt to capture a British man-of-war, the "Drake," which failed only by accident or delay in dropping the anchor, Paul Jones squared away for Whitehaven to carry out his original plan to burn and destroy



JONES APPROACHING WHITEHAVEN, EARLY MORNING

all the shipping. The breeze fell during the day and it was not till midnight that the attempt was made. Two boats were manned by volunteers, one commanded by Paul Jones himself, and the other by Lieutenant Wallingford. Directing Wallingford to set fire to the ships on the north side, Jones and his men advanced towards the fort which protected the harbor.

The weather was raw and cold. The fort was old and dilapidated and manned only by a few men; the sentry had calmly retired to his sentry box; the whole town was asleep. Paul Jones, climbing on the shoulders of one of his men, sprang over the ramparts and was quickly followed by his men. The gar-

rison was captured without a blow struck and the guns were spiked. On his return, to his surprise, he saw no evidence of a conflagration. He was met by Wallingford, who explained that his light had gone out, and Jones found that the light in his boat had also gone out. It was now broad daylight, but Jones determined that he would not abandon his plan without some result. So he broke open a neighboring dwelling and lighted a torch from some glowing embers and with his own hand started a fire on one of the largest ships. To hasten the conflagration, a barrel of tar was poured on the flames, which were now burning freely.

One of the boat party, an Englishman, in the confusion made his way into the town and alarmed the inhabitants, who now swarmed out in great numbers; but Jones, to allow time for the conflagration to develop, stood on the wharf with pistol in hand and kept back the crowd. Then he calmly entered his boat and returned to the "Ranger."

The soldiers whom the townspeople had released fired a few ineffective shots. But for the action of Wallingford in the first instance, and the defection of David Freeman and his alarming the town, the whole of the shipping would undoubtedly have been destroyed.

This descent created the greatest consternation in England, and a burning wave of indignation swept the land from sea to sea, and many schemes were planned for the capture of this *pirate*, as he was termed.

After this attack Paul Jones resolved on one still more audacious, which was no less than to seize the Earl of Selkirk at his beautiful seat, St. Mary's Isle, at the mouth of the river Dee, and hold the Earl as hostage to be exchanged for some prominent captive, and thus force the British to recognize the principle of exchange which they had hitherto refused; but the plot failed through the absence of the Earl. Paul wanted to return to the ship without any plunder, but the men were mutinous, and reluctantly he gave permission to demand from Lady Selkirk the silver plate, which was gathered up by the butler, and the men retired without hurt or molestation to any one, after drinking her Ladyship's health in good Scots whiskey, which was served by the order of the Countess.

On the morning of the 24th the "Ranger" came in sight once more at

Carrickfergus, where the "Drake" was stationed. The captain, with inconceivable stupidity, sent a boat off to the "Ranger" to report who she was; the boat, of course, was duly captured by Jones.



JONES'S MEN ASHORE, WHITEHAVEN

It was nearly evening when the "Drake," which had cleared for action, neared the "Ranger." Paul Jones had stood out to sea far enough to escape pursuit in case of defeat. The "Drake" was accompanied by pleasure yachts, to see the fight and, as they imagined, the sure defeat of the "Ranger."



When within easy hailing distance an officer of the "Drake" demanded the name of the stranger. Jones, still keeping the stern of his ship towards the bow of the enemy, replied through his trumpet, "This is the American Continental ship "Ranger." We are waiting for you. The sun is scarce an hour high. It is time to begin. Come on!"

The "Ranger," by smart handling, was rushed across the bow of the "Drake," which ran off by the side of the "Ranger," and it was a square yard-arm to yard-arm fight. The lack of preparedness no doubt helped the rush of the Americans. In an hour and five minutes the "Drake" hauled down her flag. She was a complete wreck; many of her guns were dismounted; forty-two men killed and wounded, including her captain.

Paul Jones had resolved, since he was unable to prevent the plunder of the Selkirk plate, to pay for it out of his own pocket, but this he was unable to do, until a year after, when, by strenuous effort and paying exorbitantly to the Prize Court, he recovered the silver plate; and owing to the state of the country it was not until peace was proclaimed in 1784 that he restored the plate to the Earl. This certainly was not the act of a pirate. The receipt of the plate was duly acknowledged in a handsome letter from the Earl.

The "Ranger's" successful cruise, and the rich vessels she had captured, the boldness and audacity with which Paul Jones had ventured into the very midst of the United Kingdom, and the capture of the "Drake," had terrorized the whole of England, and, as was natural, the hatred of the English meant the admiration of the French and helped to the secret treaty of alliance between the United States and France. Franklin felt that in Paul Jones he had a man to carry out his bold designs.

In America the news was received with universal rejoicing, and Congress knew they had rightly judged the man; but they omitted to send him funds to carry out his plans and he had to provide for his crew and prisoners by pledging his own credit for the necessary supplies which he obtained through the French naval authorities.

At the repeated conferences with Franklin, and after innumerable promises of different ships, Paul Jones obtained an East Indiaman which was a fair merchant vessel, but lacking in every requirement of a warship, and in addition



THE NIGHT ATTACK.





she was in such an unsatisfactory condition that she could scarcely stand the required repairs.

Paul Jones had great regard for Dr. Franklin and was an ardent admirer of the maxims in "Poor Richard's Almanack," a copy of which had fallen in his way, so he named his new ship "Bon Homme Richard," and he proceeded to fit and prepare her as far as he could for his purposes. New guns were ordered from the French foundries, but with the usual ill luck that attended the naval administration of the young Republic, the guns did not arrive until after the ship had sailed, and Jones had to take what he could get, and at last he sailed with old and almost obsolete makeshifts. This boat had been purchased by the French Government, as also were two other merchant vessels, the "Pallas" and the "Vengeance"; to these were added the "Cerf," a king's cutter, a well-appointed and efficient vessel, and the United States ship "Alliance," a new and very handsome frigate built at Salisbury, Mass., in 1778, which had arrived with Lafayette, who was a passenger on her first voyage. Jones asked that the American frigate should be assigned to his squadron — a most unfortunate request, as it afterward turned out.

The squadron sailed on the 19th of June, 1779. During the night of the 20th the "Alliance" ran foul of the "Richard"; the mizzenmast of the "Alliance" was carried away, and the "Richard" lost her head, cutwater, jib-boom etc. Landais behaved disgracefully, displaying a lack of presence of mind and seamanly aptitude, coupled with timidity and shrinking from duty. Jones, who had been below when the accident occurred, immediately assumed charge of the "Bon Homme Richard," and by prompt action averted a more serious disaster. To do Landais justice, however, the officer of the watch on the "Bon Homme Richard" also must have been culpable, for he was subsequently court-martialled and broken for his lack of conduct on this occasion.

Patching up the two ships as well as possible, Jones performed the duties assigned to him, driving the enemy's ships out of those waters and safely delivering his convoy. On the return voyage, Captain de Varage, of the "Cerf," had a spirited encounter with a heavily armed privateer of greater force than his own, which lasted for an hour and ten minutes and resulted in the privateer striking her flag.



Paul Jones had been compelled to man his ship, in default of other men, with Englishmen, amongst whom a mutinous spirit broke out, and a conspiracy was formed to take the "Bon Homme"; the plot, however, was discovered and the ringleaders put in irons and afterwards court-martialled at L'Orient.

These unfortunate happenings gave the French Minister a very poor opinion of the "Bon Homme Richard," which galled Jones immensely. Meanwhile the repair of the ships proceeded slowly, but a turn of good fortune came at this time in the arrival of a cartel at Nantes with one hundred and nineteen exchanged American prisoners. Many of them entered on the "Bon Homme Richard," and Jones was enabled to weed out the mutinous and disorderly element in his crew and to replace many of his petty officers with experienced seamen who could be depended upon.

In addition to this came another piece of good fortune. Before he sailed he was joined by a young American named Richard Dale, who had been held as prisoner in England, but effected a daring and romantic escape from prison by the help of an unknown woman.

Paul Jones made him lieutenant of the "Bon Homme Richard" and found in him an able officer as well as personal friend. He was then scarcely twenty-three years of age.

At last, on the 14th of August, 1779, the little squadron set sail amid the booming of guns and the waving of flags. They were accompanied by two heavily armed privateers, the "Monsieur" and the "Grenville," increasing the number of ships to seven. The masters of the privateers had agreed to sail under Paul Jones, but on the capture of the first ship on the 17th of August, the "Monsieur," who boarded the ship, plundered her of valuables, and attempted to send her to Ostend. Jones, however, overhauled her, replaced the prize crew with his own men, and sent her into harbor under his own orders. Thereupon the two privateers deserted the squadron in the night.

On the 21st, they captured the "Mayflower," loaded with leather, and sunk her. The ships' boats also succeeded in cutting out a brigantine, showing the disconcerting character of Paul Jones. After the desertion by the privateers, the "Grenville," having taken a prize on her own account, disregarded signals and sailed off with her capture. The "Cerf," losing sight of the squadron

in the fog, turned tail and returned to France, thus reducing the squadron to the "Bon Homme Richard," the "Alliance," the "Pallas" and the "Vengeance," and later all the ships deserted him. On the 20th of August a heavy gale blew from the southwest, and Paul Jones scudded before it to the north along the Irish coast. Landais, the recreant commander of the "Alliance," changed her course in the night. The "Pallas" lost her tiller, and when the morning broke Paul Jones found himself with only the "Vengeance." The "Pallas" subsequently rejoined them.

On the 13th of September the little squadron of three ships rounded the northern extremity of Scotland; on the 14th they arrived off the Firth of Forth and captured a ship and a brigantine. Learning from them that the naval force at Leith consisted only of a twenty-gun sloop and three or four cutters, Paul Jones wished to take the town and hold it under his batteries, exacting heavy ransom; but this was too big a job for his French supporters, and it was only reluctantly and by holding out to them hopes of plunder that at last they consented.

The squadron beat to and fro off the harbor for a favorable wind to make the attempt. On the 15th they captured a schooner, the master of which, by the promise of the return of his ship, consented to pilot them into Leith Harbor. As they were under English colors, one of the seaboard gentry sent off a boat asking for some powder and shot. Paul Jones courteously sent a barrel of powder, expressing his regret that he was short of shot. He detained one of the boatmen as a pilot for one of his other ships, and sent to the Provost of Leith a demand for a reasonable ransom to prevent the seizure of the city. The attempt was frustrated by a heavy gale which sprang up when he was nearly within gunshot of Leith and had made preparations to land. He was obliged to run before the wind and get well out to sea. When the gale abated he was far from the port, and the city had now become thoroughly aroused. Heavy batteries were thrown up and the troops rallied for its protection. The result might have been different had he been supported by men on the other ships with a little of his pluck and resolution.

The squadron continued its cruise, capturing several coasting brigs, schooners and ships, but Paul Jones was after bigger game, and tried to induce

his captains to make a descent on Newcastle-upon-Tyne. But they told him that unless he left the coast he would be deserted by the two remaining ships. Jones had no alternative, and so made sail for the Humber, on which lay Hull, an important shipping town. Cottineau, of the "Pallas," the best of the French captains, did not desert his commodore in spite of his threat, though Paul Jones continued cruising on the coast, capturing everything that came in sight.

Paul Jones having learned the signals from one of his captives, leaving the "Pallas" he boldly sailed into the mouth of the Humber under the English flag and set the private signals, but the ships were too wary, and Paul Jones made nothing by his move.

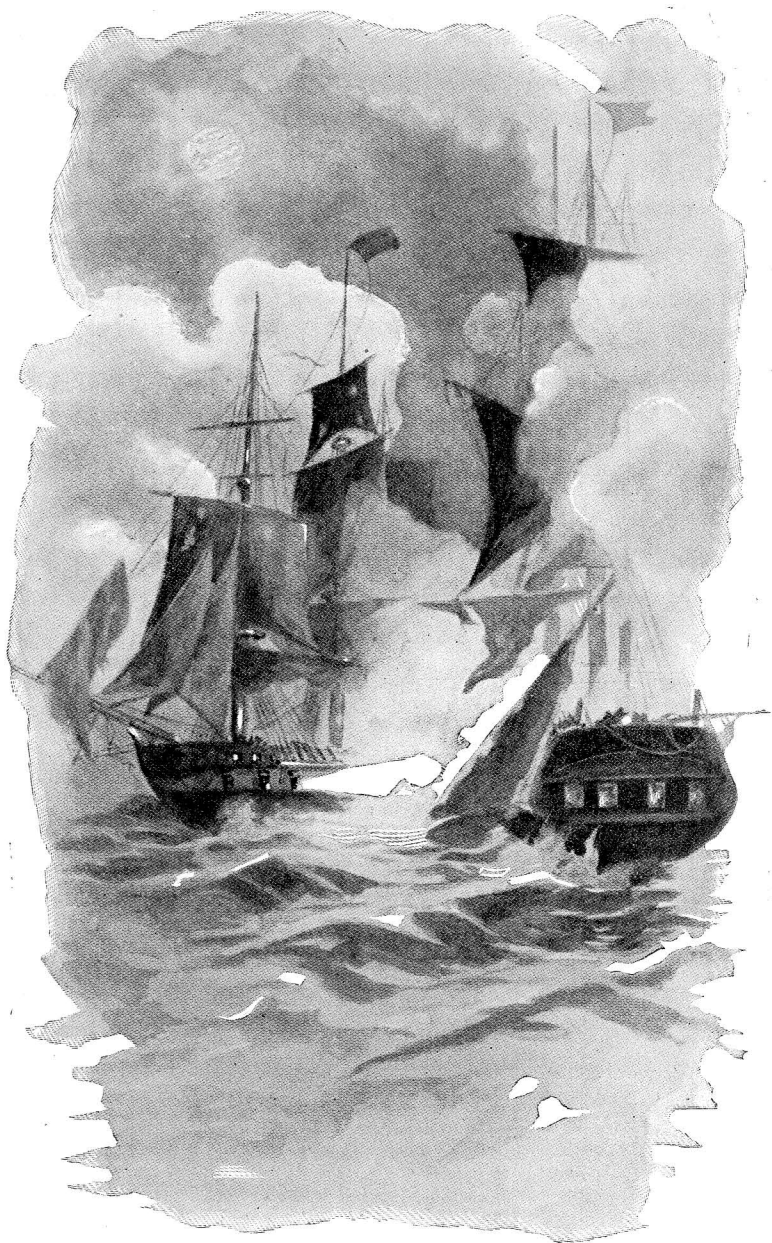
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### THE BATTLE WITH THE "SERAPIS"

THE men on the lookout on the "Bon Homme Richard" saw a large ship suddenly shoot around the headland followed by five others all close-hauled in the hope of weathering the gale. The English ensigns proclaimed their nationality. Paul Jones in high anticipation signalled the "Alliance" and the "Pallas" to form line abreast of his ship, but from cowardice or indecision they disregarded the signals. The "Vengeance" was far enough in the rear to be safe from danger and took care to remain there.

The ships proved to be the long-looked-for Baltic fleet under the convoy of two warships, one of which was a heavy frigate. In spite of the suspicious manœuvres of the "Alliance" and the "Pallas" Paul Jones gave signal for a general chase, set his light yards and swept toward the English ships. Signals were displayed by the frigate, and all the ships except the frigate, which proved to be the "Serapis," headed for the harbor of Scarborough and fired alarm guns.

Meanwhile the "Serapis" headed westward, taking a position between her convoy and the American squadron. As they neared, the "Pallas," in obedience to Paul Jones's signal, headed for the smaller ship, the "Countess of Scar-



JONES'S FIGHT BETWEEN "BON HOMME RICHARD" AND "SERAPIS"



borough." The "Vengeance" was at a safe distance in the rear, while the "Alliance" pursued an erratic course, disregarding all signals, proving one thing only — that her captain would not fight.

A brief comparison between the two ships is necessary to appreciate the naval duel. The "Bon Homme Richard" was a converted merchantman, ill fitted for war purposes, insufficiently armed, with few first officers and the others young and inexperienced.

The "Serapis" was a new frigate of about eight hundred tons and had a formidable equipment of fifty guns, throwing three hundred pounds of shot at every discharge against the "Bon Homme Richard's" one hundred and seventy-four, and was manned by three hundred well-trained English sailors. Her captain, Richard Pearson, was a most capable and distinguished officer. The "Serapis" had also the great advantage in her superior mobility that she could maintain her distance, and with her longer and heavier guns could batter the "Bon Homme Richard" at her will.

One advantage only had the "Bon Homme Richard" — the personality of Paul Jones. In his skill and ability, his hardihood and staying power, Paul Jones was the superior of the well-trained, but too solid, Englishman.

The crew of the "Bon Homme Richard" had beaten to quarters after supper and grog. The great guns had been run in and loaded, the training tackle inspected, the magazine opened and the gunners and mates stationed inside the wetted wooden screen; the guns were properly primed, the slow match ready burning; every detail had been attended to under the discipline of Paul Jones.

The tops of the "Bon Homme Richard" were filled with picked seamen and marines armed with muskets, and small grenades handy. The main body were at the battery, under the charge of Richard Dale.

Paul Jones, a quiet little figure almost foppish in his neatness, paced steadily up and down athwart the ship peering eagerly through the shades of approaching night and ever and anon he looked back at the "Alliance" with a look which boded ill for her captain when the time for an accounting came. The young midshipmen, his personal aides, kept silence as he passed to and fro.

Presently his first lieutenant, Dale, came up the ladder and saluted the Commander. After a few moments Paul Jones and Dale descended to the lower

deck and walked through the ship, giving hearty encouragement and stimulation to the crew, a few final directions to the officers, and a look of approval as the "Pallas" closed in on the "Countess of Scarborough." A few moments, and then the battle would begin.

As the ships drew nearer, a sound broke the silence — "What ship is that?"

The American ship began to swing to port; in a moment her broadside would be seen and further concealment impossible. Paul Jones sprang to the taffrail and called out, "I don't understand you," quick and sharp.

"What ship is that? Answer at once or fire."

Paul Jones called out the word of command, a line of fire glanced out in the darkness followed by the roar of a twelve-pounder — an answer not to be misunderstood. At once the "Bon Homme's" broadside was let go. Almost simultaneously the guns of the "Serapis" belched forth their rain of death and destruction. The great duel was on! It was about a quarter past seven. The ships, closed in by the blinding smoke, sailed on in the darkness of the night, broadside to broadside, and one terrible sustained note sounded over the ocean.

The "Bon Homme Richard" forged slowly ahead. Jones seized his opportunity and swung in the ship's head towards the frigate, hoping to rake her as he crossed her bows, but the alert English captain, with his superior speed, easily regained his distance.

The bolts from his long eighteen-pounders were making havoc of the "Bon Homme Richard." Jones now changed his tactics; he checked the way of his ship. The "Serapis" forged ahead, receiving the force of the "Bon Homme's" battery-fire as she passed, maintaining the fire of his own guns in the darkness for a few moments. When he discovered that he had passed the "Bon Homme Richard" the battle had lasted with the utmost fierceness on both sides for more than three-quarters of an hour.

As soon as his ship had gained sufficient distance Jones headed her to the "Serapis," but she was too slow and clumsy to obey her commander and only struck the "Serapis" very far on the aft quarter, affording no opportunity for boarding.

Jones, however, mustered his boarders on the forecastle, but the Englishmen were in such force the attempt would have been futile.

The "Serapis" hailed the "Bon Homme Richard, "Have you struck?"

Paul Jones replied in grim audacity, "I have not begun to fight yet!"

The Englishmen heard the answer, but, better still, the men — the living, the wounded, the dying — heard it on the "Bon Homme Richard," and wider still, England and France and their own land heard that reply, and it formed the keynote of Manila and Santiago — a part of the heritage of the men who fight under the Stars and Stripes.

The American was in a dreadful plight. Two of the eighteen-pounders exploded at the first shot, killing most of the officers and men of their crews. The battery had done more harm than had the guns of the "Serapis." The two ships were in line for a few moments, then Paul Jones put his helm hard astarboard again and swung off to port in the hope of raking the "Serapis," but Pearson, the English captain, was too quick for him. The fight was resumed with the most determined heroism. Fortunately, the captain of the "Serapis" had miscalculated their respective speeds. Jones had by skilful seamanship and quick, desperate work swung his ship in the path of the "Serapis"; her bow ran aboard the starboard quarter far across the deck of the "Bon Homme Richard." Pouring a raking fire upon the English ship Jones sprang and lashed the ships together. Mr. Stacy, the sailing master, leaped to his assistance, but the boarders could do nothing in face of the raking fire from the English guns; and though the American's batteries replied with the utmost persistence, they were no match for those of the "Serapis." But the large number of the marines and soldiers on the "Bon Homme Richard" by their concentrated fire cleared the decks of the "Serapis," the Americans in the tops outnumbered the English, and after severe loss they gained the British maintop and poured down such a destructive fire that the English captain was left almost alone on his quarter-deck.

By this time the "Bon Homme" was almost a complete wreck, her whole side beaten in and a few stanchions alone supported the decks, and the ship was on fire several times.

Dale had fired his last shot from the main battery, the "Richard" was leaking badly, and the carpenter, discovering several feet of water in the well, shrieked that they were sinking.





PAUL JONES RAISES THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG.





The few remaining in the gunroom ran for the hatchways; the prisoners were released, thinking all was over. Pearson hearing the cry of "quarter, quarter" from the released prisoners again asked had the "Bon Homme Richard" struck, which met with a fierce negative from Paul Jones, who soon allayed the panic.

Meanwhile Richard Dale stopped the mad rush of the prisoners, and crying that the "Serapis" too was sinking, set all hands to the pumps. But the "Bonhomme Richard" was sinking fast—she was on fire in several places, her guns were silenced, her crew nearly decimated, her cockpit overflowed and the surgeon and the frightened French officers counselled surrender.

"What!" cried Paul. "What! strike to a drop of water? Help me to get this gun over," and the doctor resumed his duty and helped the wounded as he best could. Paul Jones personally directed the fire from the upper deck, alone still serviceable, on the mainmast of the "Serapis."

At this eventful time the black shadow of the "Alliance" came between the moonlight and the two ships and poured a destructive fire into the "Bon Homme Richard." There could be no error in this, for the moon shone brilliantly, and the private signals of the "Bon Homme Richard" were plainly to be seen. The only explanation that could be given was that, thinking the "Serapis" had won, they were trying to destroy the prize.

All seemed lost, and was but for Paul Jones, who was still left, and as the "Alliance" sailed away, he and his officers drove the men back to the guns. The fight went on, men everywhere reckless of all but slaughter, too intoxicated with the excitement and lust of battle, fought on with ramrods and sponges long after the guns were silenced.

All seemed hopeless on the "Bon Homme Richard," but the "Serapis" was not in much better condition. She was on fire in several places. The fire from the tops of the "Richard" had cleared the decks save of her captain.

At this supreme moment a hand grenade thrown from the yard-arm of the "Bon Homme" down the hatchway of the "Serapis" struck and exploded a huge pile of unused cartridges. A detonating crash, a terrific explosion, silenced even the roar of the guns; both ships rocked and rolled from the explosion. When the smoke cleared off, the deck was seen filled with the dead and dying.

Some leaped into the sea to get relief from their burns. Lieutenant Stanhope, though frightfully burned, regained his station and continued to fight.

Pearson could hold out no longer; he had beaten his plucky antagonist over and over again, but he did not know it, and at last Pearson's nerve gave way at this frightful explosion. He walked aft to the flag-staff and with breaking heart tore the drooping bunting from the staff.

"They have struck the flag!" cried Paul Jones. "Cease firing!" The fight was over, but the men on the "Serapis" could not realize it, and for a short time they fought on, but as Dale came up the hatchway, Paul Jones ordered him to board the "Serapis" and take possession. Dale swung himself from the end of the main-brace of the "Serapis" and jumped down on her quarter-deck.

Pearson was standing alone downcast, with the flag in one hand and his face covered by the other.

"Have you struck?" cried Dale.

"Yes," said the captain of the "Serapis."

"I have orders to send you aboard," said Dale.

Pearson dropped the flag and yielded. His lieutenant at this moment came up. Said he, "Have they struck to us?"

Dale replied, "No; he has struck to us."

"Sir!" cried the lieutenant, in astonishment.

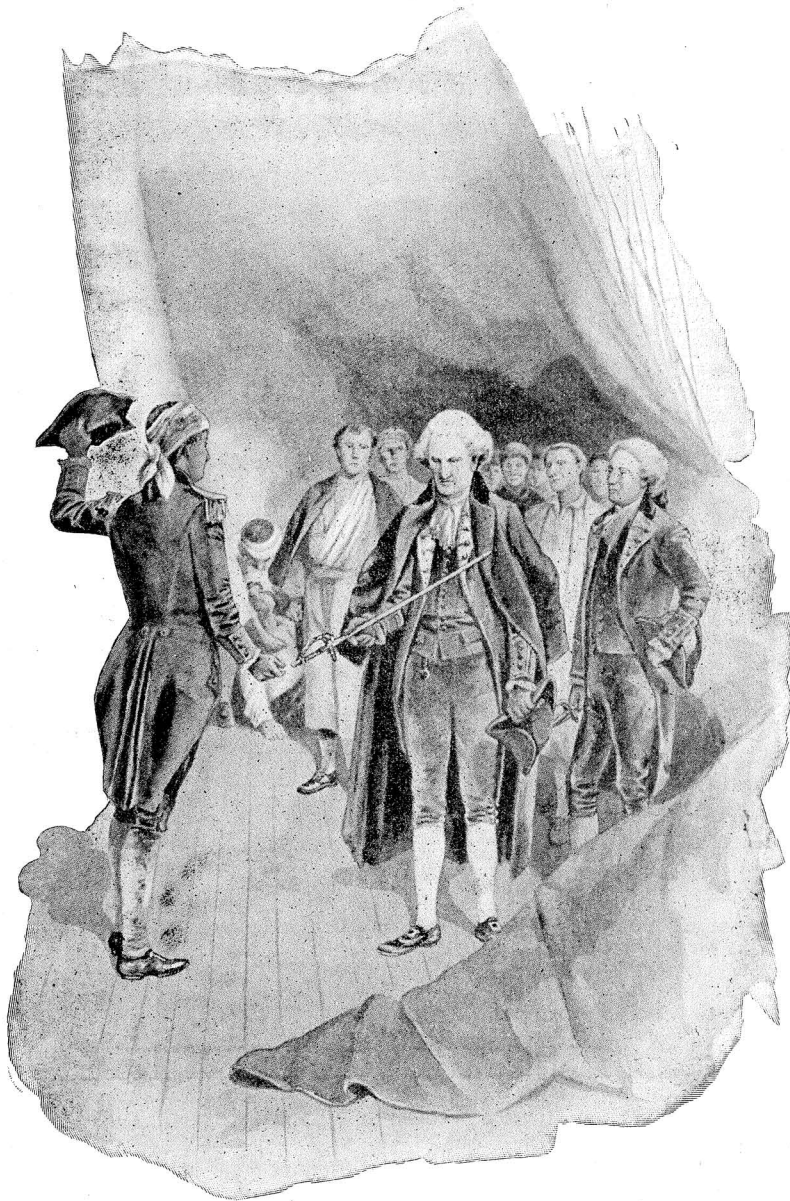
The captain sadly replied, "It is true."

After a moment's deadly pause, Dale said to the astonished officer, "Pass the word to cease firing. Your ship has surrendered."

By the aid of the ropes they clambered up the rail of the frigate and dropped on the deck of the American. They found Paul Jones in a blue uniform rent and torn, his face grimed, and hatless. As the English officers stepped upon the deck he bowed and said, "Commodore Paul Jones at your service, gentlemen. And you?"

"Captain Richard Pearson of his Britannic Majesty's ship the 'Serapis,'" replied the captain, as he tendered his sword.

As Paul Jones received the sword he magnanimously replied, "Sir, you have fought like a hero, and no doubt your Sovereign will reward your valor."



CAPTAIN PEARSON SURRENDERING HIS SWORD



The Commodore turned over the "Serapis" to Dale with as liberal a prize crew as he could, considering the terrific slaughter of his men. The lashings which held the vessels in their death grapple were cut and the "Bon Homme" forged ahead, but the "Serapis" did not answer the helm. The master of the "Serapis" told Dale that the ship was at anchor. Dale ordered the cable cut and the ship began to cut through the sea.

When Dale arose from his seat on the binnacle, he fell down; a splinter had struck his leg and in the excitement of the battle he had not noticed it. He had to turn over the command to the second lieutenant, Mr. Henry Lunt, and had himself assisted onto the "Bon Homme."

As the "Bon Homme" cleared the "Serapis" her mainmast crashed down, damaging the vessel in its fall. The English crew joined with the Americans in clearing away the wreckage and quenching the flames, which had broken out again in several places.

The "Bon Homme" was in still worse condition. She was low in the water, she leaked badly, she was on fire in several places and the flames were blazing furiously. There was not a moment's respite for the crew, or, indeed, for the prisoners. All had to join to fight the fire and the water.

But she was too far gone; she would sink if the pumps stopped and it was determined to transfer the wounded, the prisoners and the crew to the "Serapis." This was a work of great difficulty. The crew of the "Pallas" was brought in to help and they barely succeeded in transferring the last of the wounded by daybreak on the 25th.

The transfer of the prisoners, who realized that they greatly outnumbered the Americans, was effected with difficulty. They attempted to overpower their captors but, being unarmed, after two of them had been slain, they were subdued, and by hard, quick work all prisoners and crew were embarked in the boats before she went down bow foremost with her flag, unconquered, still flying above her as she slowly sank to her final rest.

The "Serapis" was not badly damaged, nor cut up below, and was seaworthy. So a jury-rig was improvised, and the squadron, by order of the Commodore, bore away for Dunkirk.

The Commodore now had about five hundred English prisoners, including

Captain Pearson of the "Serapis" and his officers, which equalled the total number of American prisoners held by the English. His ships were ready for sea and as fit as he could make them.

The original intention of Dr. Franklin was that the squadron should make the Texel, doubtless to compromise Holland and to force a recognition of the belligerency of America; but the Commodore wished to make a French port, so that he might exchange his prisoners. Had he been able to do so it would have saved all the vexations which befell him through making the Texel, which he was compelled to do by stress of weather, and through his captains' great urgency.

No sooner had the squadron entered the Texel than the English diplomat demanded the delivery of the "Serapis" and "Countess of Scarborough," the return of the English prisoners, and that the American pirate be ordered to leave the Texel, which would have ensured the capture of the squadron by the English fleet which was at the mouth of the Channel. The States-General, though they refused to order the ships to be surrendered, commanded Paul Jones to leave at once, and disclaimed any intention of recognizing the United Colonies.

While in Holland the Commodore everywhere received a popular ovation, crowds assembled everywhere to see him, and at the coffee house he had to show himself repeatedly at the windows to the people, who wished to see the hero who had humiliated their ancient enemy.

But all this did not hinder him in his work of refitting his ships, notably the "Serapis." He apprehended fully the precariousness of his stay in Holland. All this time Captain Pearson was displaying considerable ill-temper and boorishness, protesting against his detention as a prisoner in a neutral port, and when the Commodore offered to return the plate, linen and personal property taken from the "Serapis," he refused to receive it at his hands, but said that he would receive it from Captain Cottineau. Jones overlooked this pettiness and returned the property as Captain Pearson wished. In reply to his protest at being kept prisoner Jones sent a characteristic reply, reminding him of the different treatment of English and American officers. He said, "I am informed that Captain Cunningham, of equal denomination, and who bears a superior

rank in the service of America than yours in the service of England, is now confined at Plymouth in a dungeon and in fetters."

Notwithstanding the ill-temper of Captain Pearson, the Commodore succeeded in effecting his exchange for Captain Cunningham, whom he gladly received on board his own ship. Sir Joseph Yorke, the English Ambassador, continued his efforts with the States-General, who passed the matter on to the Commodore, and he in turn to Dr. Franklin.

But at last the French Government, with Dr. Franklin's consent, gave the command of the "Serapis" to Captain Cottineau, and directed that the other vessels, except the "Alliance," to which it had no claim, should fly the French colors. The Commodore in that moment had his prizes taken from him and was deprived of his command. At night the exchange was made, and in the morning the Dutch Admiral sent his officer on board the "Serapis" with his usual braggart bravado. He found the ships flying French colors and he had no further ground except with the "Alliance." Shortly after, the French vessels and the prizes sailed for France. The British Ambassador still endeavored to force the departure of the "Alliance," so that thus the main point, the arrest of the "pirate," Paul Jones, might be secured.

The "Alliance" was in a deplorable condition. Her sea qualities had been almost entirely destroyed by the incapacity of Captain Landais. Thirteen Dutch men-of-war were there to enforce the Commodore's departure, but Paul Jones, not to be intimidated by all this show of force, absolutely refused to go until it suited him. Meanwhile he began to refit the "Alliance" as far as his limited means would allow, and made all his preparations to get away as soon as he had a favorable chance.

At last the Commodore, on the 27th of December, weighed anchor and dropped down the Texel, and the next morning made a dash for the open sea in a strong gale. But his position was still very perilous. Upwards of forty ships were looking out for him, but it did not strike them that he would attempt to pass down the Channel. His bold course took them by surprise. Hugging the Flemish banks so closely that he passed to windward of the British blockading ships, which were driven out to sea by the same gale by means of which he had left the Texel, when all danger had been avoided, at least for the pres-

ent, Jones made for the middle of the Channel, passed through the Straits of Dover in full view of the English fleet in the Downs, only three miles away, flew by the Isle of Wight near enough to have a good view of another British fleet at Spithead, and on January 1st he was out of the Channel, having flown the American colors the whole time.

The daring of this escape from his numerous pursuers and the skill with which it was accomplished cannot be overestimated, and as an achievement of seamanship ranks with anything the Commodore, as we still call him, had ever accomplished.

In spite of the poor sanitary condition of the "Alliance," and her greatly diminished speed through strainage caused by improper storage, Paul Jones determined to try and obtain a few more prizes before his return to France, believing that in spite of all defects the "Alliance" was equal to any vessel under a fifty-gun ship. But his luck did not hold, and to avoid a gale he ran into the port of Corunna, in Spain, January 16, 1780.

After the ship had been careened and her bottom scraped, Paul Jones started to sail on the 28th of January, but his men refused to sail without a portion at least of their pay. Jones had a small amount he had received from Cottineau, and he offered five ducats to each of the officers and one to each of the crew. This was so small an installment that some in disgust threw it into the sea.

At last, after some two or three weeks more cruising, he made for L'Orient, which he reached February 10, 1780. The continued and incessant toil and nervous strain had broken down the health of Paul Jones, and he went on shore for a much needed rest, though preparation still went on to overhaul the "Alliance" and fit her with military supplies, and also with the battery which had been too late for the "Bon Homme Richard."

While these repairs were going on with unabated vigor the condition of the crew was not mended. The sale of the prize ships had been delayed, and there was no money with which to pay the seamen their long overdue wages. Jones determined to go to Paris and fix matters himself. He had a most brilliant reception by the Court as well as by the populace. He was hailed as a hero who had humbled their ancient enemy whom they hated.



The King and Queen received him most graciously, and the King made known his intention to present him with a magnificent gold-mounted sword, inscribed with a flattering motto describing him as "The mighty deliverer, for the freedom of the sea." Jones was the hero of the day. On one occasion he was invited to the Queen's box at the opera, where he was loudly cheered, and a laurel wreath hung over his head. It is said he changed his seat, which was taken as a proof of his modesty.

As an offset to all this glory and the enthusiasm displayed by the Parisians, Franklin was having serious trouble over the "Alliance," fomented by Landais, who again demanded the restoration of the "Alliance," and wrote on May 29th, enclosing a letter signed by one hundred and fifteen of the crew, declaring that they would neither raise anchor nor sail from L'Orient till they were paid their full wages and their prize money, nor until their legal captain, Pierre Landais, was restored to them; this last phrase was an addition by Landais himself.

This was the state of things when Jones arrived at L'Orient. Franklin had instructed Jones to withhold all moneys from the signers of the mutinous letter, and to put ashore any who would not trust to his country to do him justice. The Commissioner also promised an order for the arrest of Landais as an emigrant without the King's permission. Franklin wrote Paul Jones:

"You are likely to have great trouble. I wish you well through it. You have shown your abilities in fighting; you now have an opportunity to show the other necessary part in the character of a great chief—your abilities in policy."

But Paul Jones had already been ejected, and Landais had assumed the command. Jones on his arrival had obtained the loan of the "Ariel" from the French Government to carry supplementary supplies, and proceeded to the "Alliance" as usual. Being for the first time made aware of the letter of the mutinous crew, he read his letters of instruction, pointed out the consequences of a refusal to do their duty, and asked if they had any complaints. None were made, and the men were dismissed to their stations.

Shortly after, when Jones went ashore Landais wrote to Degges, the first lieutenant, directing him to assume the command and retain it until he should



THE RANGER SIGHTED AT WHITEHAVEN.





receive the reply to his letter to Franklin. Degges mustered the men and so worked on them that they declared for Landais, who promptly repaired to the ship and assumed the command. Dale and the old officers of the "Bon Homme Richard," who had been below deck at dinner during these proceedings, protested and were at once sent ashore.

Jones at once sent a dispatch to Franklin and immediately went in person. He found on his arrival that peremptory orders had been sent to detain the "Alliance" by force and to arrest Landais. When Jones arrived two days later, the King's order for the arrest of Landais was sent off to the ship by the port officer, but Landais refused to obey the order or to surrender himself. Franklin's orders were treated with the same contempt.

Jones's personal property was sent off from the "Alliance" in a disgraceful condition, trunks broken open and private property retained. On the 28th Jones wrote to Landais not to sail without his permission, but a few days afterward he sailed for America. The men of the "Bon Homme Richard" who had refused to obey the orders of Landais were put in irons in the hold.

But Landais did not succeed after all. It almost seems that in addition to cowardice he was not entirely responsible, and on the voyage over he was summarily deprived of his command as insane. On his arrival in America he was tried by court-martial and dismissed from the service, a very lenient sentence for conduct such as his. Two points must have contributed to it: first, that he was a Frenchman, and, second, that his conduct, in part at least, was condoned on account of the belief in his irresponsibility.

In June the King's presentation sword was received by Paul Jones; it was estimated to cost twenty-four hundred dollars, a sum which counted more in those days than now.

On the 2d of August the "Ariel," which had been some months in fitting, was ready. Franklin had sent Jones his dispatches, but it was not till September 4th. He was detained still further by contrary winds and by expectations. On the 7th of October he put to sea, having three merchant ships under his convoy.

They had been out but a day and not yet free from land when they encountered a terrific storm. The ship leaked badly; one chain-pump became



choked and would not work. As a last resource he, with the advice of his officers, attempted to anchor, but the pressure of the gale was such that as the "Ariel" lay in the trough of the sea waves swept over her decks. The wind snapped off the mast above the deck and all its weight of spars and rigging and carried away a bower and kedge anchor. Destruction seemed inevitable, since the second bower anchor was gone. Fortunately the stripped ship at last rode to her anchor and for the present they were saved. Jones said in his report, "Never before did I fully conceive the awful majesty of a shipwreck."

For two days and nights the ship swung to that one anchor, and when at last the gale moderated, and they wanted to weigh the anchor, the cable had to be cut, for it must have grappled the rock, and that had been their salvation. The crippled "Ariel," with broken wings, sailed back under jury-masts to harbor, which she reached on the 13th of October. It took two months to refit his ship, during which time Jones made another abortive attempt to get a loan from the French Government of the "Terpsichore." Paul Jones had this one supreme wish, to command a first-class warship — a wish never realized.

He sailed again on December 2d. The voyage was comparatively uneventful, save for having first seen and tried to run away from a privateer which they afterwards engaged. Her captain at last hauled down his flag, saying half his men were killed. The Americans gave three cheers and left their stations, but the ship had gradually moved abreast of the "Ariel" during the fight. Suddenly he put up his helm and set his studding sails and ran off. The "Ariel" was too heavily laden and no match for the swift privateer, which soon was lost to sight. Paul Jones was intensely disgusted and wrote in his journal:

"The English captain may properly be called a knave, because, after he had surrendered his ship, had asked for and received quarter, he ran away, contrary to the laws of naval warfare and the practice of civilized nations."

The "Ariel" dropped anchor in the harbor of Philadelphia the 17th of February, three years and three months from the sailing of the "Ranger" from Portsmouth.

## ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

WHEN Paul Jones reached Philadelphia the Admiralty Board was discussing the delay in bringing the stores from France and he was requested in writing to answer questions as to his conduct from his arrival in L'Orient, which the Commodore at once set about doing, sending to Congress in the meanwhile the letters from Dr. Franklin and De Sartine.

These letters must have been convincing to Congress, for on the 29th of February, before Jones had answered the interrogations as to his conduct, they adopted eulogistic resolutions testifying to their high estimation of his distinguished bravery and military conduct, and particularly in his victory over the British ship the "Serapis"; they also consented to his being invested with the Military Cross of the Military Order of Merit, which the King, Louis XVI, had graciously promised him. Accordingly the Commodore, wearing the sword presented him by the King was duly invested with the order in the name of the King. Paul Jones was very proud of this distinguished order, habitually wore the ribbon of the order—if not the cross itself—and adopted the title of chevalier, which was conferred with it and by which he desired to be addressed. Again, on the 14th of April, they adopted resolutions:

"That the thanks of the United States, in Congress assembled, be given to Captain John Paul Jones, for the zeal, prudence, and intrepidity with which he hath supported the honor of the American flag; for his bold and successful enterprises, to redeem from captivity the citizens of these States, who had fallen under the power of the enemy; and, in general, for the good conduct and eminent services by which he has added lustre to his character and to the American arms.

"That the thanks of the United States, in Congress assembled, be also given to the officers and men who have faithfully served under him from time to time, for their steady affection to the cause of their country, and the bravery and perseverance they have manifested therein."

And he received what perhaps he esteemed almost more highly — an autograph letter from General Washington, which concluded:

“Whether our naval affairs have, in general, been well or ill conducted it would be presumptuous for me to determine. Instances of bravery and good conduct in several of our officers have not, however, been wanting. Delicacy forbids me to mention *that particular one* which has attracted the admiration of all the world, and which has influenced a most illustrious monarch to confer a mark of his favor which can only be obtained by a long and honorable service, or by the performance of some brilliant action.

“That you may long enjoy the reputation you have so justly acquired is the sincere wish of, Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

“GEORGE WASHINGTON.”

An attempt was made to raise Paul Jones to the rank of rear admiral, but, through the jealousy of officers over whom he would have ranked, this attempt fell through, but a little time after the question was before Congress as to who should be appointed to the command of the “America,” a magnificent warship then building at Portsmouth, and after three days’ ballot Paul Jones was chosen unanimously. As by Act of Congress, November 15, 1776, a captain of a ship was equal to a colonel, and as he was the only officer appointed to so large a command, Paul Jones was thus practically at the head of the service.

By direction of the Minister of Marine — Robert Morris — he presented his accounts. He had received no pay and but small part of the prize money and the Government owed him over twenty-seven thousand dollars, in spite of which he had to ask for four hundred pounds to pay small debts and enable him to assume his new command.

He arrived at Portsmouth after the end of August, but found the “America” would not be ready to put to sea for several months. He smothered his disappointment and set to work to help get her ready for launching. It seemed as if Paul Jones would never have his dearest wish realized, for when the “America” was nearly ready for sea, a French ship, the “Magnifique,” was stranded on a rock and lost. The Congress presented the “America” to the

French Government in recompense of their loss and in token of their grateful acknowledgment of the attitude and friendship of the French Nation in the hour of the young Republic's peril. Jones, though bitterly disappointed, mag-

nanimously aided in the launch of the "America." On the 5th of November, he superintended getting her into the water and when safely moored he turned her over to the Chevalier de Martigne—former captain of the "Magnifique."

Robert Morris, Minister of Marine, an old friend of Paul Jones, endeavored to get control of the "Indien," which by a series of fortuitous events had been brought to Philadelphia, and her captain, Marvell Gillon, commissioned by the State of South Carolina, was considerably in debt to the United States for moneys advanced, and they endeavored to obtain possession of her, but Gillon evaded all process of law and finally got out to sea, where she was promptly captured by three English frigates stationed at the Capes of the Delaware to intercept her.

Again disappointed in his hopes of a commission, Paul Jones now offered his services to Admiral Vaudreuil, in command of a French squadron, to make a grand expedition to Jamaica.

He was most graciously received by the Admiral on his flagship, but saw no actual service, having a serious attack of intermittent fever. While at Porto Capello, on April 4, 1783, he received the news of the signing of the treaty of peace with great gratification. He says:



MEDAL STRUCK IN HONOUR OF PAUL JONES



"The most brilliant success, and the most instructive experience in war, could not have given me a pleasure comparable with that which I received when I learned that Great Britain had, after so long a contest, been forced to acknowledge the independence and sovereignty of the United States of America."

Paul Jones still remained very sick and, shortly after, left the French fleet and returned to Philadelphia May 18, 1783.

The precarious state of his health obliged him for the present to abstain from active duty. The fever still clung to him, and to obtain more complete rest he retired for the summer to Bethlehem, Pa., where his health gradually improved. He was still unable to get a settlement of his expense amount and prize money, which prevented him from acquiring an estate which he had intended to purchase near Newark, N. J. His health was now greatly restored and by an Act of Congress, November 1, 1783, he was appointed a special commissioner acting under Dr. Franklin to collect the prize money due from France. He had to give bonds to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. This showing his reputation for probity and honor, he had no difficulty in obtaining bondsmen.

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### PRIZE AGENT IN FRANCE

PAUL JONES sailed from Philadelphia November 10th, for France, but being driven by contrary winds, put in at Plymouth, England. He left the ship and went up to London to consult with Adams, the American Minister, who urged him to hasten to deliver his dispatches to Franklin, as they might contain matters of importance connected with the commercial treaty with England. He at once went on to Paris and was kindly received by the Maréchal de Castres, the Minister of Marine, by the King and Queen, and by the best

people. He prosecuted his task with his characteristic energy, but found that it was very difficult to get a settlement. The French Government tried on various pretexts to make deductions from the prize sales and it was fully a year and a half before the Maréchal de Castres at last approved the account, but further delays were still in order and it was not until the end of September, 1785, that he finally received the account from the Royal Auditor at L'Orient, amounting to one hundred and eighty-one thousand livres (over forty thousand dollars). He deducted his expenses in France, amounting to forty-eight thousand livres, and thirteen thousand livres as his share of the prize money, making a total of sixty-one thousand livres. After paying others in France entitled to prize money he paid over to Thomas Jefferson, the successor of Franklin, the balance of one hundred and twelve thousand livres, for the officers and men in the United States.

The amount of his expenses seems large, but it should be remembered that it was an expensive Court and that he ruffled it with the best of society of the French capital.

Thomas Jefferson, early in 1787, recommended him to go to Denmark to try and obtain the indemnity, amounting to forty thousand dollars, for the delivery of his squadron to the British, but when he reached Brussels he determined to return to the United States, as his account for personal expenses had been strongly disapproved by the Treasury Board of Audit. Perhaps a more cogent reason was that all his money had been spent recklessly. Accordingly, he returned to America in the spring of 1787. He managed to satisfy the Congress, who approved his accounts and did him the honor of resolving, "That a gold medal should be struck and presented to the Chevalier Paul Jones in commemoration of the valor and brilliant service of that officer while in command of a squadron of American and French ships off the coast of Great Britain in the late war."

They further resolved, "That the Honorable Thomas Jefferson, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the Court of Versailles, should have the same executed."

Congress also addressed a formal letter to King Louis XVI recapitulating the foregoing resolutions, and requesting His Majesty to permit the Chevalier to

embark in his fleets of evolution, that he might acquire that knowledge in his profession which might be most extensively useful. The whole of which goes to prove, not only that his accounts were perfectly satisfactory, but shows that the recognition of his services, though long delayed, was at last ample and complete.

On the 25th of October Congress passed strong resolutions on the failure of Denmark to pay the claim for indemnity, and instructed Jefferson to dispatch the Chevalier Paul Jones to prosecute the claim at the Danish Court, providing, however, that no final settlement or adjustment be made without the approval of the minister.

Jones sailed for Europe on November 11th, landed in England, had an interview with Adams, the American Minister, and left for Paris, which he reached December 11th, and presented his dispatches to Thomas Jefferson, from whom he learned that Simolin, the Russian Ambassador, wished to have the services of Paul Jones as Commander of the Russian fleet in her war against the Turks. Nothing came of the matter at that time, though Paul Jones intimated his willingness to consider the proposal.

On the 2d of February, 1788, Jones, having received his credentials from Thomas Jefferson, took his departure for Denmark, where he was received with every demonstration of respect from the King and Queen and the heads of the Government, but could obtain no satisfactory settlement on the ground that he was not a minister plenipotentiary. The Chevalier finally abandoned the attempt and turned over the whole matter to Thomas Jefferson.

At this time the Chevalier received a definite summons through the Russian Ambassador to repair to Russia and assume his new command, and he determined to proceed to Russia, but shortly before he left Copenhagen he wrote a characteristic letter to Jefferson in which he passionately asserted his citizenship and concluded, "I can never renounce the glorious title of '*a citizen of the United States.*'"

In April, 1788, he started for Stockholm and then passed on to Gresholm, Sweden, the nearest port to the Aland Islands, hoping to cross the Gulf of Bothnia and so reach Russia. But the ice prevented his crossing the Gulf or reaching the Islands. So he hired a boat thirty feet in length, with a smaller

boat in case of need. Having carefully concealed his destination, he obtained the services of some boatmen to ferry him over, but was driven by a strong east wind toward Sweden and blocked by heavy drifting masses of ice. His men wanted in spite of his orders to put into Stockholm, but Paul Jones seized the helm and drawing his pistols forced them to beat out to sea, and through the long night in a driving snow-storm they steered through the floating ice for the Gulf of Finland.

After four days and nights of the greatest peril they landed at Port Reval, on the southern shore of the Gulf, and having paid the boatmen handsomely for their services and the loss of their boat, he proceeded on his journey and arrived at the Russian Court on May 4th.

The Chevalier's great reputation, the circumstances of his perilous and adventurous journey and the high estimation in which he was held by the Empress made his journey on Russian soil one continued ovation. On the 5th of May he was graciously received by the Empress, who conferred on him the title long coveted, of Rear Admiral. The Empress treated him with such distinction that he entered in his journal, "I was overcome by her courtesies, and put myself into her hands without making one stipulation for my personal advantage. I demanded but one favor—that I should never be condemned unheard."

There seemed not a single cloud to dim the alluring prospect. He stayed two weeks at St. Petersburg to recuperate after his journey during which, as he says in a letter to Lafayette, "I was detained against my will a fortnight and continually fêted at Court and in the first society. This was a cruel grief to the English, and I own that their vexation, which I believe was general in and about St. Petersburg, gave me no pain."

On the 18th of May he set out for his command. A purse of two thousand ducats was given him for his expenses, and eighteen hundred roubles a year—a princely sum in those days. He arrived at Elizabethgrade on May 30th and was most kindly welcomed by the Prince Marshal Patiomkine in person.



PAUL JONES IN THE RUSSIAN SERVICE. OPERATIONS IN  
THE LIMAN

PAUL JONES, ever in a hurry to get to sea, traversed the distance by road from St. Petersburg to Elizabethgrade of possibly fifteen hundred miles in little over twelve days. The Prince Marshal's plan was to attack Otchakoff, a fortified town on the Russo-Turkish frontier on the Black Sea, not far from Odessa.

Otchakoff was strongly fortified, and ten thousand troops garrisoned it and menaced the Russian communications. The Prince Marshal Patiomkine had resolved to capture the place, but the Turks had kept open their communication by the sea with one hundred and twenty armed vessels ranging from ships of the line to gunboats, rendering the capture of Otchakoff very difficult. Paul Jones's part was to hold the Liman until Patiomkine could invest it and then to defeat the Turkish naval forces and blockade the town; no small matter with the force at his disposal. It consisted of one line-of-battle ship mounting twenty-six guns, five frigates, five sloops and four small vessels — fifteen sail in all. The ships drew too much water for the Black Sea, were badly constructed and altogether too weak for their heavy guns and were poor sailers. The only addition was a flotilla of boats, each carrying a single gun, propelled by oars and manned by thirty or more men.

The squadron was in command of a Greek corsair named Alexiano, who had attained rank similar to commodore and who had assembled the commanders of the ships and incited them to resist Paul Jones's authority. On Patiomkine's order at last he submitted with an ill grace to serve under him. Paul Jones hoisted his flag as rear admiral on the evening of June 6, 1788.

After a long period playing a waiting game, fearing reinforcements to the Russians, on June 18th the Turkish force in two divisions made an attack on the Russian gunboats, which, greatly outnumbered, began to break. The

squadron under Jones could not engage on account of the shoal water. The Russian gunboats were under the command of the Prince of Nassau. That commander lost his self-control. He demanded the support of a frigate, which was impossible. Jones left his own boat and embarked in the Prince's galley, and as Nassau made no objection he assumed the direction himself and at once made a return attack with the unengaged centre and left divisions and attacked the Turkish galleys on the left flank and so inspirited the broken divisions that they made a fresh stand and stopped the retreat. The Captain Pasha, seeing himself in danger of being taken between the double fire, retreated in confusion, leaving two gunboats in their hands.

Emboldened by this success, though not his own, Nassau urged that they should advance to the attack, but Jones was content to hold his position and refused to be guided by Nassau's urgency, as the Russians had not yet invested the city and their success was but slight, though had Paul Jones been in command of the flotilla from the first a more damaging defeat would have been suffered by the Turks.

Meanwhile the Russians invested the city on June 28th. The Turkish fleet had to withdraw or attack. The Captain Pasha being reinforced by over two thousand picked men from the fleet outside the Liman, determined to make an advance down the bay and attack the Russians, the Captain Pasha leading in his flagship with the flotilla massed on his left flank. Nassau's courage vanished quickly and he clamored for retreat, but Jones, as it was impossible to advance in the teeth of the wind, waited for the enemy. Fortunately, the Captain Pasha's flagship grounded on the shoals and the Turkish boats anchored around the flagship.

Paul Jones determined then, in spite of the great inferiority of his force, to attack the Turks. During the night the wind shifted and in the early morning the squadron stood to the Turkish fleet. By hard work the Captain Pasha had got his ship off the shoals, but all his ships were huddled round the flagship in confusion. Paul Jones made a dash for him, as soon as within range opening fire, the squadron being formed to try and surround the Turkish fleet. The Turks were completely taken by surprise at this bold manœuvre and the flagship and the second in command again grounded on the shoals. The

heavy fire from Jones's squadron made it impossible to float the stranded ships; they struck their flags and were abandoned by their crews. The other Turkish ships were so discouraged that they retreated toward Otchakoff, the Russian ships pouring in a destructive fire.

But the plucky Captain Pasha hoisted his flag on a gunboat, brought up by the flotilla, and poured in a tremendous fire from its heavy guns on Jones's squadron, and his lighter guns could but make a feeble reply. One of the Russian frigates was blown up and the fight was any one's now.

The fleet being unable to get into close action with the gunboats, it was of the utmost importance to have the assistance of the Russian gunboats, but the flotilla had followed the squadron so slowly that Jones had to check his own advance to allow them to get up. He sent to Nassau to bring up his gunboats, but no notice was taken, and at last Jones took boat and went himself to Nassau's galley. He found him far from the scene of action, but was unable to get him to move. Jones then appealed to Brigadier Corracoff, who immediately advanced on the Turks and drove them off with great slaughter.

Meanwhile Nassau with part of his flotilla set fire to the two abandoned frigates, the most inexcusable and wanton destruction, as the vessels could have easily been floated and would have been a valuable addition to the Russian Navy.

The Turkish fleet and flotilla, greatly shattered, retreated under the protecting walls of Otchakoff. The Turkish defeat had been severe. It was now late in the afternoon, but Jones wanted to finish the job and deliver a crushing blow on the broken and dispirited Turks. So he caused the anchor of his flagship, the "Wolodimer," to be lifted and got her under way, followed by the squadron, which dropped anchors across the channel, blocking the sea passage, so that if the Turkish ships tried to escape they would be under the guns of the squadron and within easy range of the formidable battery at Point Kinbourn. Nassau at last followed and massed his flotilla on its right flank, where Jones determined to wait the Turkish attack.

At sunset Jones took soundings in a small boat all along the Turkish line within gunshot from the batteries and Turkish ships, a piece of insolent

bravado, but the Turks were so disheartened that not a single shot was fired and he returned safely to his flagship.

In the night the Captain Pasha attempted to escape and rejoin his main



JOHN PAUL JONES'S DEATH

fleet on the Black Sea. Nine of his largest vessels grounded on the shoals. A few of the ships succeeded in getting out to sea, but the rest were obliged to again seek protection under the walls of the city.

When morning came the nine ships were discovered on the shoals, and



as the place was dangerous except for light vessels, Jones sent the flotilla under command of Nassau and Alexiano to take possession in their helpless position. Surrender was inevitable and so they struck their flags. But the Russians poured in a destructive fire, the helpless Turks in vain imploring mercy, kneeling on their decks. At last, to complete their hellish work, they threw bombshells and set fire to the nine stranded ships.

Nassau and Alexiano immediately sent a dispatch to Patiomkine claiming that the flotilla had captured two and burned nine ships. The Prince Marshal forwarded this preposterous account to Catherine, giving only faint praise to the Rear Admiral, saying that he had done his duty, but the glory of the success belonged to the Prince.

Worn out by the petty jealousies and misrepresentations of the Prince and Patiomkine, Jones was only too glad to be retired before the capture of the city was complete. He retired from the Russian Navy somewhat embittered, his only consolation being the kind treatment of the Empress Catherine.

She permitted him to kiss her hand on good-bye, wishing *bon voyage*.

The Rear Admiral travelled leisurely on account of his failing health from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, at the Court of Poland, and there he met with Kosciusko, and the acquaintance soon ripened into friendship.

In May he returned to France and to Paris, where he resided until his death, but the gaiety of that city was already clouded by black shadows of the night of revolution. He did not appear at this time to realize the broken state of his health, but in March, 1792, his disease developed into dropsy complicated with a complaint of the liver. He was confined to his bedroom, but under the care of his doctor he grew better. Suddenly, however, in July he became worse; the dropsy extended upward. His friend Colonel Blackden advised him to make his will, which was drawn up in English at Jones's dictation, and translated into French, and witnessed by three friends, Blackden, Swan and Beaufoi. In this, his last document, he disregarded all the vain titles he had so loved, Commodore, Chevalier, Admiral, and styled himself "*John Paul Jones, a citizen of the United States.*" Simple but noble words, proving his deathless devotion to the country of his adoption.

Shortly after, the great Commodore fought his last battle, but Death con-

quered. The hero of the "Bon Homme Richard" was dead—worn out, broken hearted in the prime of life — at the age of forty-five.

The French National Assembly honored him in death by sending a deputation to his funeral, which was also attended by the whole American Colony in Paris and by a large number of his friends in Paris. The service was conducted by a French Protestant minister, who delivered the sermon, concluding with the words, "The fame of the brave outlives him; his portion is immortality."

Paul Jones was buried in a little Protestant cemetery at the corner of the Rue de la Grange, then in the suburbs of Paris. His body, clothed in his American uniform with his sword by his side, was encased in a lead coffin. The cemetery was closed in 1793 and it may not be possible at this late date to identify his remains, but it would seem fitting that an effort should be made, and the body of the hero be laid at rest at last in the soil of the country he served so faithfully and loved to the last, and surely somewhere in this great land some day there will be erected a monument to the memory of the Great Commodore — John Paul Jones.

American boys and girls should learn more about him, and while they take proper and loyal pride in their Great Heritage of Liberty and Independence, should ever remember with grateful feelings the brave deeds and noble heroism of him who fought so well to win it for them.









